THE
NATION

JANUARY 28, 1961 . . 25c

BREAKING the CHINA STALEMATE

Stanley Spector

The Transport Snarl

SLOW MOTION in the JET AGE

Charles E. Stonier

REMEMBERING RICHARD WRIGHT

Nelson Algren

WILLY BRANDT: OUR MAN IN BERLIN

Heinz Pol

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LETTERS

The Need for Fission

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher's review [issue of Dec. 24] of *Nuclear Ship Propulsion*, by Holmes F. Crouch, summarizes concisely the formidable engineering and safety problems which surround this new field of technology. Unfortunately, Dreher also presents the U.S. nuclear-development program as important chiefly for reasons of military might and national prestige. Nowhere does he refer to one of the basic imperatives underlying all nuclear-development programs: the rapid depletion of the fossil fuels (coal, oil, natural gas). . . . There is no doubt that a serious gap between the supply of and demand for fossil fuel will develop before the end of this century. And the only present candidate for filling this gap is nuclear power — specifically, power from nuclear fission.

That the widespread use of fission reactors will present us with serious and perhaps agonizing decisions should be clear to any *Nation* reader. The disposal of fission products in particular raises fundamental questions of safety, public health and international relations. But the dangers of fusion power do not make it any the less essential if we are to remain an industrialized nation.

One can hope that the development of thermonuclear (fusion) power — which would produce no fission products — will render fission power obsolete before it becomes a serious problem. But there is as yet no guarantee that fusion power is practical, let alone that it can be achieved by any given date.

Dreher is quite right in emphasizing the perils of fission reactors — perils which the Atomic Energy Commission has all too frequently soft-pedaled. But let us not allow the perils to blind us to the very real need for fission power in the relatively near future.

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

New York City

The Kahn Opus

Dear Sirs: Mr. Kirstein's review of *On Thermonuclear War* by Herman Kahn (*The Nation*, Jan. 14), reminds me of the optimist as defined by Ambrose Bierce in *The Devil's Dictionary*:

> *OPTIMIST, n. A proponent of the doctrine that black is white.*
>
> A pessimist applied to God for relief.
>
> "Ah, you wish me to restore your hope and cheerfulness," said God.
>
> "No," replied the petitioner, "I wish you to create something that would justify them."
>
> "The world is all created," said God, "but you have overlooked something — the mortality of the optimist."

Perhaps God had in mind the nuclear annihilation of the optimist. If catastrophe does come, and if there is a single male survivor, I trust it will be a pessimist and not Mr. Kahn. He might meet the last female survivor and try to rebuild the Gross National Product.

E. R. KARR

Saline, Mich.

Is Hitler Laughing?

Dear Sirs: The appointment of the Hitler General, Adolf Heusinger, to a key post in NATO is typical of our government's macabre policy toward postwar Germany. General Hans Speidel, another Hitler General, commands NATO ground forces and it is reported, and I believe reliably so, that every general officer in West Germany's present military forces served Hitler loyally.

The civilian side of the Adenauer government, as well as the military, is honeycombed with former Nazis of high rank. This is especially true of the judicial system. It is a fact, also, that the Führer's missile man, von Braun, occupies perhaps the leading role in the U.S. missile program.

Before I left Germany in November, 1947, where for more than two years I had been U.S. Food and Agriculture Chief, the ordinary German was already beginning to believe that the only thing wrong with the Hitler program was that it failed to win the war. Our government's whole postwar foreign policy tends to confirm this belief. Now Tojo's Japan is being rearmed at U.S. government insistence and expense; and Franco, Hitler's warm Spanish friend, is our government's staunch "ally" at the cost of several hundred million dollars.

Yes, man's memory is indeed short.

HUGH B. HESTER
Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret).

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Unilateral Initiative

Dear Sirs: Let me thank you for the attention given Tocsin in your editorial "The Contagion of Conviction" [Dec. 17 issue] and specifically for your mention of the principle of unilateral initiative. Many people still think unilateral disarmament (which, for cogent reasons, Tocsin does not favor) is the only alternative to a continued arms race. One of Tocsin's main purposes is to advance the idea that solid progress toward disarmament may be made without passing to this extreme; that a nation may undertake specific steps — unilateral initiatives — which do not put it in a militarily untenable position, but which do bring the world, either by their own weight or by their calling forth reciprocal steps, closer to disarmament.

More detailed information on our program can be had by writing Tocsin at 52 Dunster Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

CHRISTOPHER Z. HOBSON
(For Tocsin)

Cambridge, Mass.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Scientist-Warrior or Scientist-Statesman?

Many commentators have called attention to the fact that World War II brought into prominence the soldier-statesman. The appointment of Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission raises the question of whether the soldier-statesman will now be joined, in the conduct of great affairs, by the scientist-statesman. But still another combination is already very much in evidence — the scientist-soldier. Herman Kahn, Edward Teller, Henry Kissinger, to mention only a few of the luminaries, are essentially soldiers in mufti; there are thousands more of them in the think-factories and universities lovingly yoked with the military, and in the armament-research and armament-manufacturing industries. On his record, Dr. Seaborg does not belong clearly in either of the two categories open to him. But now he must choose, for the two are incompatible.

The AEC traditionally has included one member from the field of science, but Dr. Seaborg is the first scientist-chairman. His two immediate successors were businessmen — Lewis Strauss, who got into almost everybody's hair, and John McCone, who improved relations between the AEC and the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, but was no more acceptable to enlightened public opinion. Under both men, the victory gained after World War II by the liberal forces represented by Senator Brien McMahon, over the would-be military monopolizers of atomic energy led by Chairman Andrew May, was largely dissipated. Chairman David E. Lilienthal never recovered from the fantastic aspersions on his loyalty recklessly broadcast by Senator McKellar. Under his successors, the commission became almost as secretive as if its responsibilities had actually been turned over to the Pentagon, and its public relations attitudes were among the most slippery of any of the public agencies. Its press agents seemed to be trying to achieve a reputation as experts in making the half-truth look like the whole truth, and sometimes in downright lying. And always the single objective to which the commission unreservedly dedicated itself was the manufacture of a vast and inordinate stockpile of nuclear weapons. Chairman McCone carried on a personal campaign against the continuation of the moratorium on atomic testing and, with all the publicity resources at his command and not the slightest evidence, succeeded in convincing a large section of the public that the Russians must be cheating and that national salvation depended on a speedy resumption of testing.

This is the situation that Dr. Seaborg inherits. If he elects to approach his new task in the spirit of the scientist-statesman, rather than the scientist-warrior, he will minimize the rule of secrecy in the AEC, restore public confidence in the agency's pronouncements, emphasize non-military objectives, change the relationship between the AEC and the Pentagon from that of an auxiliary service to one of arm's length independence, and seek to work out an acceptable test-suspension agreement. If he seeks these objectives he will, of course, encounter the opposition of the armed services and their industrial cohorts, but at least he will make a dent in that awesome partnership against which Mr. Eisenhower has warned the nation.

Farewell and Hail

It can be said, quite without irony, that nothing became Mr. Eisenhower's career in office like the leaving of it. In his farewell address to America last week, he brought boldly out into the open the issues that concern him for the future. They proved to be the great issues that concern his most thoughtful countrymen. We have become a permanently militarized state, and a country standing at arms is in fearful danger of losing its freedoms. We have put our best minds under government contract, and the fruits of unfettered intellectual curiosity and original insight now threaten to wither before they ripen. We are not at war, but neither are we at peace; and Mr. Eisenhower admitted with gallantry that his Administration had been unable to make progress in the direction of peace.

There is a great enigma here. For eight years, Mr.

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Eisenhower has depressed his fellow Americans by a seeming inability to grasp the major problems of his era; but now in the closing days of his Administration he spoke like the statesman and democratic leader we had so long hungered for him to become. That is sad, but it can be said that he has handed the torch to Mr. Kennedy with an honesty and resolution rarely equaled by previous retiring Presidents. And Mr. Kennedy seems to us too intelligent to overlook the urgent accents of his predecessor's farewell.

And there is irony in one aspect of the situation. Mr. Nixon irritated a large sector of the public by insisting that the President was the most perfect leader of the most perfect Administration of the most perfect country on earth. If he had struck some of the grave and fertilizing notes that were sounded by Mr. Eisenhower on the air last week, he would very probably be residing today at the White House.

The Dream War

The war in Laos is somewhat like one of those dreams in which the dreamer doesn't know where he is, much less where he is going. The street has a familiar name, but it is not the street which he knows by that name in his waking life. He thinks he recognizes the neighborhood, but then he realizes that he was mistaken and that even the city is strange. He wants to make a train, but he knows neither the time nor the railroad; and when he finally arrives at what looks like a railroad station, the train has left.

We are told by the State Department that if Laos is lost, all Southeast Asia is lost. This is firm, since Lincoln White says it. But it does not remain firm very long. Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* denies that Laos, mostly mountains and jungle, is strategically important. It "could scarcely serve as a major invasion highway for anyone," Baldwin declares, ". . . no big armies are going to penetrate its vastness and still remain big armies." He is corroborated by Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, the military analyst of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* who says that effective military action by Western troops in Laos is next to impossible, and cites Representative Porter Hardy to the effect that the American decision to support an army of 25,000 in Laos was reached by the Department of State over the objections of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who wanted a smaller force for internal security purposes and to resist guerrilla incursions. You have your choice between the military experts of the State Department and the military experts of the Pentagon and the press.

Don't expect to do any better on the spot — it will shift under your feet. Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* is in Vientiane, which is as close to the front as the government of Prince Boun Oum will allow a correspondent to get. As far as battle information goes, he might as well have stayed in Chicago. But he does know that Boun Oum's Information Minister, Bouavan Norasing, is a joke. When Bouavan announced that Russian and North Vietnamese troops had entered Laos in battalion and division strength, the newsmen burst into "uncontrollable laughter," and Bouavan looked at the communique he was reading "as if he didn't believe it himself." All the military news in Laos is like that. The Laos information ministry is staffed by professional liars. "What makes matters worse," says Beech, "is the government's feeble attempt to cover up its own lies with censorship." But the censors don't know enough English even for that.

Finally, this is a war the Laotians don't want to fight. The Lao soldier is in the army strictly for money and rice. He doesn't even know or care that he is a Laotian. Such loyalty as he has is to his family and his native village, to which he returns if he is not watched. The war is none of his business.

Yet it is a war, for there are casualties, although the warring factions cooperate to minimize them. For these casualties the super-powers are to blame, and especially the United States which, until forced by the defection of its allies, would not hear of intervention by a control commission. "Logic," the Chicago *Daily News* suggests, "strongly supports the Canadian idea of sending an interim observer team" pending the reconvening of the control commission. Perhaps, under Secretary of State Rusk and President Kennedy, some logic will be injected into the dream war; under their predecessors there has been only chaos.

Induced Schizophrenia

Probably nine Americans out of ten who have any political sense realize that the United States must ultimately recognize Red China and is damaging its own interests by delay (see Mr. Spector's article on page 71). But the climate of McCarthyism and the China Lobby lingers on and it remains politically dangerous to say what one thinks — especially when one is being examined for fitness for office by a Senate committee. The result is that the candidates talk as if they needed treatment for some disorder of either the mind or the speech centers, or both.

Listen to Dean Rusk. "I see no prospect at the present time," he declares, "that normal relations can be considered or established with the authorities in Peiping. . . ." On the other hand, it would be "very difficult" to consider questions of world disarmament without taking these selfsame authorities into account. Yet Secretary Rusk and President Kennedy say they wish to consider such questions. It is all rather puzzling.

Adlai Stevenson was somewhat more forthright, but he also tried to carry water on both shoulders. As to Chester Bowles, even before he testified, his attitude

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toward Communist China raised "grave and serious questions" in the mind of Senator Cotton as to whether he should be confirmed as Under Secretary of State. Bowles had, indeed, expressed opposition to recognition of Red China, but that's not enough. Cotton wanted to be sure that this will continue to be a "bedrock foundation of our policy." Mr. Bowles apparently reassured the committee.

The system of thought control is not confined to the Senate chamber. Robert Moses expresses the view that Red China should be represented at the 1964 World's Fair. "They're a big nation with hundreds of millions of people," Moses points out. "They have scientists and inventors. We'd like to invite them to show what they have, the same way athletes were invited to the Olympics in Rome." He adds quickly, "This has nothing to do with their admission to the U.N., or diplomatic recognition."

Nothing?

Hands Across the Continent

1964 is a long way off, but no ophthalmologist will find Governor Nelson Rockefeller myopic. "Santa Rocky Opens Up His Bag," a headline reads, "Discloses 2½ Billion in Goodies" — mainly, be it said, for those already rich in goodies. But the voters will not look a gift horse in the mouth and the working man will presumably be as grateful for his $10 share of the $90 million state tax refund as the capitalist is for his thousands. Still better, the Governor can mix oil and water; while he dispenses tax refunds with one hand, with the other he spends generously on public works, education, medical care and other worthy causes. "Our Republican Governor's great heart yearns to do good for just about everybody in sight," rasps one cynical editorial writer, ignoring the Governor's greatest virtue. This is the smiling man's thrift and foresight, which has enabled him to combine a concern for the expansion of New York trade and commerce with an equally laudable concern that the people in the other forty-nine states should share — after 1964 — in the "goodies" which New Yorkers will enjoy these next four years.

Recently the Governor presided at the opening of tax-supported "branch offices" for New York's State Department of Commerce in Chicago and in Los Angeles (where Richard M. Nixon is about to embark on the practice of law). He offered reassurance that the Los Angeles branch office was not "a carpetbagging operation" nor yet an attempt to steal business from California; rather it was just "a friendly, cooperative effort . . . [in a] hands-across-the-continent atmosphere." Many in the audience were moved to tears, but Governor Brown seems to have taken a narrow view and spoke only briefly. "I'm happy New York has decided to enjoy our business here in California," he said, and added that California would exceed New York in population at 11:30 P.M. on August 29, 1963, which is not so long before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1964.

BREAKING the CHINA STALEMATE . . *by Stanley Spector*

THE MOST distasteful inheritance which our new President receives from the Eisenhower Administration is the quagmire which currently goes under the misnomer of the China policy of the United States. It has been a policy only to the extent that one can trace a line of increasing frustration, tension and inextricability as we have stumbled from one wrong decision to another.

The United States has effectively cut itself off from relations with mainland China and the advantages these relations might bring. Mr. Kennedy must continue to expend vast American resources upon the Republic of China, which at present consists only of the island of Taiwan and a few smaller neighboring islands. He must maintain the commitment of American military and naval forces to the defense of the Nationalist regime of Chiang Kai-shek, a regime which no more commends itself to the favor of the American people than it does to the Chinese. He becomes the spokesman of a nation which for more than a decade has refused to recognize what most other nations in the world clearly acknowledge: that the Communists, legally and in fact, represent the people of mainland China. He becomes responsible, together with Dean Rusk, Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles, for the direction of a United Nations delegation which has played the major role in preventing Red China from taking its rightful seat in the world organization.

A steadily increasing number of neutral and friendly countries are casting their votes with the Communist bloc in favor of seating China in the U.N.; this year they are quite likely to win. Just how the United States will face this development can hardly be imagined, nor can its consequences be foretold; in short, we have not only brought an imminent crisis upon ourselves, but we may have paved the way for the gravest challenge to its existence that the U.N. has yet faced.

STANLEY SPECTOR, winner of several fellowships on Asian studies, is Associate Professor of Far Eastern Affairs at Washington University (St. Louis) and is Chairman of the university's Committee on Asian Studies.

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Severely limiting Mr. Kennedy's freedom of action vis-à-vis the China problem is the public climate here at home; no aspect of major policy (with the exception of the segregation issue in the South) has called forth more hysteria and vituperation. Even before the smiling mask of the Eisenhower Administration concealed vital issues from the American people, the forces of McCarthyism, aided by the small but powerful group of Chiang Kai-shek devotees (often loosely termed the China Lobby), had stifled public discussion. The Korean War made matters worse.

THE WORD "appeasement" lies at the nub of the China problem. Appeasement means to pacify, usually by satisfying, another party. Certainly we want to "pacify" the Chinese Communists, but we are not willing to "satisfy" them; we had too much experience with extortioners who used each attempt at appeasement as the starting point of another demand. Consequently, it has generally been sufficient to call an advocate of accommodation an "appeaser" in order to render him obnoxious in the public mind. This has created a genuine problem for those who would face the China issue realistically. Before we can attain satisfactory relations with the Chinese, we must weigh their demands (which to them are grievances, not demands) and determine which of them can be reasonably and honorably satisfied. Let us be under no illusion that the Chinese Communists come to us on bended knee for recognition or for admission to the U.N. (either or both of which many Americans would be quite willing to grant, provided no further demands were made upon us). Unfortunately, the Chinese Communists do have other demands — and for us to yield to them would sound disturbingly like appeasement. Thus a stalemate appears to have been reached: the Communists must be satisfied; we must not appease.

Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Anachronism

Communist aggressiveness cannot be blamed entirely for the situation. American behavior under the Eisenhower regime has also been provocative and aggressive. Consistently, we have sought to deprive the Chinese of rights due them. The truth is that some of the Communist claims have substantial justification, others warrant genuine consideration, while some, from many points of view, are obviously extravagant. But the Eisenhower Administration lumped all of them together as evidences of totalitarian voracity. One cannot starve a person deliberately and then call him greedy if he reaches for bread. Yet this is exactly what the Eisenhower regime has done. It should be clear to everyone that yielding to China those things to which she may be entitled historically, under international law and custom, or in accordance with moral and logical concepts, is not appeasement.

RECOGNITION of the Peking regime would be an act of immediate and long-range advantage to us. In the eyes of the world community, and especially of the new young nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America, it would signify the end of a blundering and sometimes patronizing attitude which is often asssociated with such terms as "colonialism" and "imperialism." Moreover, it would notify people everywhere that the ostrich has finally pulled his head out of the sand; once again hope would be born that America was concerning itself with constructive solutions to world problems rather than with a gigantic international Madison Avenue operation. If, with recognition, normal diplomatic and cultural intercourse between China and America could be initiated, we would obtain very real benefits. At the moment the only picture of America which the Chinese obtain is that provided by Peking. Cultural and economic exchanges are the best means of influencing Chinese opinion, of mellowing the Communist regime, of removing some of the fears and tensions in China which encourage internal repression and external belligerence.

The seating of China in the U.N. appears to be a certainty in the near future. How shall we act when the time comes? We could continue to vote No, and suffer a resounding blow to our prestige. We could abstain from voting, which would leave us in a hardly less humiliating position. Or we could, breaking once and for all with the Eisenhower policy, issue a statement *prior to the vote* explaining the basis of a new American approach and inviting our allies to join with us in supporting China's admission. Such sharp policy reversals are unusual, and may even seem embarrassing. But the Kennedy Administration is in no way bound by the paralysis which marked the Eisenhower years. The admission of China over our protests would be far more embarrassing — and far more injurious to the U.N. It would also place our allies in a dilemma. For the sake of Anglo-American unity, the British, for instance, have already allowed themselves to be placed in an extremely awkward position. Red China's Premier, Chou En-lai, in a television interview last September, stated that the only reason that Great Britain (which recognizes the Communist regime) has not enjoyed improved relations with China is that "while the British Government on the one hand recognizes the Government of the People's Republic of China . . . on the other hand it trails behind the United States in supporting the Chiang Kai-shek clique in the United Nations. If this obstacle is removed, Sino-British relations will improve at once." (*Peking Review*, November 8, 1960.)

In the swan-song address of the Eisenhower Administration during last September's General Assembly, Ambassador Wadsworth repeated the all too familiar arguments against considering the Communists as legally or morally fit for admission. He cited the Korean War, the Tibetan repression, the Communist determination to retake Formosa by force if necessary, and various border dis-

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putes between China and her neighbors as proofs of Peking's "aggressiveness." Since the American public rarely hears, or at least never listens to, Communist refutations, it is too easily assumed that the charges cannot be challenged.

PROFESSOR Allen Whiting has recently demonstrated that China's decision to enter the Korean War was a sober, reflective and responsible one. Her national security was at stake, and in view of General MacArthur's bellicosity, and the uncertainty as to how far the American command of the U.N. forces was to be trusted, China could not permit the closer approach of U.S. troops to her borders. Peking reacted as any responsible and sovereign government would act: It sent troops and massive support into Korea. Here was a situation in which each side, according to its lights, could claim to be right. Moreover, the Chinese were responding to the request for aid of the North Korean Government — just as we have since responded to similar requests from Lebanon, Guatemala and Laos. The U.N.'s labeling of China as an "aggressor" was an unfortunate decision that provided the United States with a short-range propaganda victory, but one which has come back to haunt many countries that permitted themselves to be forced into joining us in the vote.

The Tibetan affair has given rise to much justified criticism. Nevertheless, the Communist actions were not illegal. China's suzerainty over Tibet has been exercised for several centuries, was acknowledged by the British and the United States, and is still claimed by no less an authority than Chiang Kai-shek himself. Our sympathies may lie with the Tibetan insurrectionaries, but the Chinese suppression of the revolt must be considered an internal Chinese affair. Only if the uprising had succeeded, or come close to succeeding, could the affair properly be considered open to international review.

There can be no denying that Peking has consistently threatened to use force to occupy Formosa. The Communists have every legal right to make the attempt. For eleven years, ever since Chiang Kai-shek was ignominiously driven from the mainland, the Nationalist leader has openly been developing the island as a base for a counterattack against the mainland. Formosa today is an armed camp, thanks to American intervention in the Chinese civil war; and if Formosa today is the primary objective of the Communists, we can share full responsibility for Communist "aggressiveness" with our equally aggressive puppet, Chiang Kai-shek.

The original decision of President Truman to interpose the Seventh Fleet between Formosa and the mainland was taken for the express purpose of preventing the Korean War from spreading into a general war in Asia. It was a courageous and reasonable decision. The "China Lobby" labeled Truman a Communist-protector and asserted that only his decision to prevent invasion *either way* across the Formosa Straits prevented Chiang Kai-shek from launching a successful attack upon the mainland. The Eisenhower Administration appeased the critics of Truman by "unleashing" Chiang, declaring that the Seventh Fleet henceforth would protect only Formosa (and the offshore islands?), but not the Communists. This unneutral act was followed up with our mutual defense treaty guaranteeing Formosa American support in the event of an attack. Thus we became a participant in the unfinished Chinese civil war.

IN THE light of this record, we are in no position to call the Communists aggressors. Indeed, they have a strong case to make against us. The position is comparable to what would have been the case had Great Britain, during the American Civil War, evacuated the Confederate Government to Puerto Rico (assuming it was then American territory), proceeded to arm it, placed the British Fleet between the islands and the American mainland, permitted Jefferson Davis to call for and encourage a general uprising in the United States and to declare that he would reoccupy America within five years, and then proceeded to call the government in Washington aggressive and irresponsible because it had announced its intention to recover the island and eliminate the Confederate Government.

Zeitung (Vienna)

Divorce?

Some of China's border disputes — example: Burma — have already been amicably settled. In others, agreement has yet to be reached. In every case, the Chinese have some sort of respectable claim, and like other governments, they occupy first and argue afterwards. Inasmuch as India, which has the strongest present grievance against China, does not ask that China should for this reason be barred from the U.N., we are hardly in a position to do so.

ASSUMING the advantages to us of a complete reversal of our China policy, can the Kennedy Administration actually accomplish it? The obstacles are formidable. American public sentiment must be made ready. But one may perhaps hope that Administration leadership, with the help of liberal organs of opinion, will make clear the complications involved and the relative merits of the alternative policies available to us.

Before we consider these alternatives, it may be well to remind ourselves of some of the facts of life in today's world:

(1) We are a minority nation — a minority because we enjoy a satisfactory standard of living; because we enjoy democracy; because we belong to a minority race.

(2) China is a majority nation — a majority because she has a low living standard and is desperately trying to industrialize; because her people are non-white; because she has never experienced democracy; be-

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cause Marxism and communism are considered perfectly good blueprints for rapid national development by many underdeveloped nations; because, like most other countries of Asia and Africa, she has only recently emerged from a colonial-like status and shares with them a deep resentment of the past.

(3) Despite shortcomings, particularly in the agricultural segment, the present Red regime is probably the best China has known since the fifteenth century. It has given its people a strong sense of national strength and purpose, efficient government, renewed moral standards, impressive industrial development and hitherto unknown welfare services. Add to these a strong military force and a tight system of political and ideological control, and there emerges a picture of an ever more strongly entrenched regime.

(4) China, with Russian assistance, is making progress in the atomic field. She already has atomic reactors, the third largest submarine fleet in the world, and will soon have atomic weapons.

(5) China serves only China. She is not Russia's puppet, although, for the time being, she has no reason to break her present alliance with Russia.

(6) The Formosan regime is not democratic; it is a one-party government which crushes all opposition.

(7) Formosa exists only on American support; it is not a beacon of hope either for Chinese on the mainland or overseas.

(8) Many American military experts discount the military value of Formosa. They argue that it is too vulnerable to waste precious installations upon, and too unreliable to be a nucleus of American defense.

In the light of the above propositions, we can deal more flexibly with our China policy than the Eisenhower Administration or the China Lobby would have us believe.

THE MOST widely discussed alternative to our present sterile line is the "Two China Policy" with which Chester Bowles—to Senator Dirksen's great annoyance—is popularly associated. This would be a reasonable compromise, were it feasible. But since there is no provision in the U.N. Charter for China's holding two permanent seats on the Security Council, the plan might better be called the "One China-One Formosa Policy." Such a policy would only be acceptable to the Communists (and the aim of our policy must be reconciliation with them) if the Nationalists were ousted and Formosa completely neutralized. Chiang would never agree to this—and the question is whether we ourselves, after having built up Chiang for so many years, would now prove willing to ditch him. This solution, however unpleasant, may be the best we can obtain.

If the "One China-One Formosa" arrangement proved impossible to achieve, it would be necessary to move in more radical directions; i.e., after a suitable interval of preparation, turn the island over to the U.N. We would have to use the preparatory period to persuade Chiang to evacuate, warning him that if he did not, the Communists would be certain to invade, in which case he would get no help from us. In the end, a non-Nationalist Free Formosa under U.N. sponsorship, pledged not to attack the mainland, would be preferable to an unfree Formosa handed over to the Communists, or seized by them at a high cost of lives.

Today the Chinese Communists have the initiative; their legal and moral claim to Formosa is strengthened by our own recognition, in 1945, that the island is an inalienable part of the China mainland. Only if we square ourselves with reality can we move constructively toward an accommodation with them.

THIS SOMBER but, we believe, realistic reappraisal of our position indicates the true dimensions of the China problem. There are those who would argue that war is preferable to the solutions we have recommended, but it is difficult to believe that most Americans would agree. Some argue that we ought to continue our wait-and-see policy. But continued hesitation only involves us more deeply with a Nationalist regime committed to war, embroils us with our allies, and deprives us of the possibility of influencing the attitudes and activities of our Communist neighbors.

For these reasons, I believe that the new Administration cannot afford to back away from the prospect of establishing workable relations with the largest and (at present) most vigorous country in the world. President Kennedy and his principal aides, Rusk, Stevenson and Bowles, will, however, require all the support that enlightened Americans can give when they settle down to the task of erecting from the shambles of our old China line a policy that can revive hope for peace.

'Un-Americanism' Plays the Colleges . . *by Dan Wakefield*

New Brunswick, N. J.

A ROAD-SHOW company production that might well be entitled "An Evening with the House Un-American Activities Committee" is playing to capacity crowds on college campuses these days. It features the now famous film *Operation Abolition* (or, as it is officially known, *The Communist-Led Riots Against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in San Francisco, May 12-14, 1960),* backed up by a live, supporting cast starring Fulton Lewis, 3d, who edited and narrated the film, and Herb Romerstein, a former Communist who serves now as a "research analyst" for the HUAC. Local talent is added to the live cast for the night's stand at any given showing, and the home-town extras aid

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Lewis and Romerstein in giving the pre-film sales pitch and answering the often embarrassing questions from the student audience.

The show pitched its tent at Rutgers University one evening last week and drew a packed, standing-room house estimated at more than 600 students who stayed for four hours and were only dispersed by the ruling of the Dean, who had to see that the dormitory dwellers got back for curfew. The film shown is an official document of the U.S. House of Representatives. The great pity is that the House doesn't also make a film — a plain, uncut transcription — of the student question-and-answer period at one of the campuses after the HUAC film is shown. Dealing, as it inevitably would, with the Health, Education and Welfare of our students, it would be a worthy project for Abraham Ribicoff.

The HUAC movie has been the subject of considerable charges and counter-charges about alleged "doctoring" and cutting of the TV films that Walter's committee subpoenaed to use for this document. William Wheeler, chief HUAC investigator on the West Coast, admitted that the film has inaccuracies and distortions; the night of the Rutgers meeting, narrator Fulton Lewis said in reply to student questions that after the TV tapes were gone over, they were "put back together in proper sequence, not as well as they might have been." But surely the real issue raised by the film is not where Harry Bridges was having lunch on the day of the riots. Let us assume that the picturing of events is entirely accurate. The important thing is not so much what the film shows, as what it does not show.

THE FILM makes no mention of the fact that the HUAC had been in San Francisco the year before, and what it had done there (indeed, the year-end report of the committee for 1959 makes no mention of it) to stir up an outraged public opposition. On June 11, 1959, the committee subpoenaed 110 California school teachers whose names were published in the press and who were subjected to social and economic pressures — all without a chance to defend themselves in a hearing or a trial. Then, after an outcry in the San Francisco press against this harassment, the committee called off its hearings and left town. The treatment afforded the teachers brought forth condemnation of the committee in editorials or resolutions by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Episcopal Diocese of California, the California State Labor Federation, AFL-CIO, the Southern California-Arizona Conference of the Methodist Church, the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, and the American Federation of Teachers.

ONE might suspect that all this had some connection with the fact that the committee's return met with a certain amount of hostility in the San Francisco Bay area. But one would never know it from looking at the film *Operation Abolition*. There is only one group named in the film as opposing HUAC — the Communist Party. The hundreds of students who participated in the demonstration are "Communist Dupes"; because they protested against the HUAC they were, as one of the committee's Congressmen explained in the film, "toying with treason." Well then, isn't it likely that any students who protest any policy of the government — such as civil rights, civil defense or atomic war — are "toying with treason"? That would seem to be one of the important messages of the film, and of its explainers, who repeatedly told the audience that if it wanted any change in the HUAC, or in anything concerning government, the way to get it is by "legislative action" rather than by picketing and protests. In other words: "Students, Go Home."

At Rutgers, however, the students not only turned out to question the film's explainers, but fifty of them marched in a picket line beforehand to protest the HUAC. This demonstration was not regarded kindly by one of the local speakers, a Rutgers alumnus and attorney in Metuchen, New Jersey, who is head of the county Conservatives (Goldwater) Club. This gentleman, Richard Fleckner, told the student audience as the evening opened that "I'm sorry I'm late, because I'm sorry I missed the pickets. I heard there were pickets from SANE [the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy] here, and I wanted to see how you picketed while crawling on your belly."

While the movie was going on, there was sometimes laughter, applause and booing — as there is at any B-movie in a college town — and afterwards Mr. Herb Romerstein said that he hoped those students who had been brave enough to jeer in the dark would be brave enough to stand up in the light, give their names and make their comments. They were, and they did.

A NUMBER of minor points were debated which proved quite fascinating, such as whether the singing of "We Shall Not Be Moved," which was identified in the movie as a Communist song, was proof of membership in the Communist Party. One young lady pointed out that the song was originally a Negro spiritual, that it had been used by a wide variety of groups, had been sung by a student picket line for civil rights last summer at the Democratic National Convention, and that its tune was also used as the campaign song of Senator Hubert Humphrey.

Fulton Lewis, 3d, answered: "I'm not saying people are Communists just because they're singing this song." This seemed a momentary victory for freedom of tune, but Mr. Lewis went on to qualify his answer. He explained that the Communist Party had a long history of using songs for its own purposes, and had often used this particular song. Now if the people in the demonstration at San Francisco who sang it had heard it originally sung as a spiritual in a Negro church, they were all right. But if they first learned it from reading the words on a mimeographed sheet that he said the CP had handed out, then their singing of it made them Communist Dupes.

One student wondered about the attitude expressed in the film about the Fifth Amendment — he had thought that the use of the Amendment was a Constitutional right, and he asked if a man who took it was necessarily a Communist.

"Virtually, yes, he's saying he's a Communist if he takes the Fifth

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Amendment," retorted Mr. Lewis.

Part of the students' confusion on these matters, Mr. Lewis explained, was that "Students are not educated as to what a Communist looks like." Unfortunately, Mr. Lewis didn't go on to clarify this point, and the students were left in the dark as to whether Communists have dark hair or light, are tall or short, fat or thin. The only clue was given in a remark by Mr. Romerstein, who told of one Communist Youth leader who sported a "Stalin-type mustache." Well, no one would have any trouble spotting *him*, but certainly this is not the only criterion, or we wouldn't be able to recognize Nikita Khrushchev as a Communist.

A number of students complained that the film identified all the San Francisco students as Communist Dupes merely because some CP members were also in the crowd. One young man pointed out that George Rockwell and the American Nazi Party were among a number of marchers who picketed the White House *in favor* of the HUAC. By the committee's reasoning, then, people who supported the HUAC were liable to be Nazis, and the other people in the picket line supporting HUAC were "Nazi Dupes." At this moment Mr. Romerstein, who had been sitting down while Lewis answered questions, rushed to the front of the platform and shouted "Let's get on with the questions!"

The audience broke out in jeers and whistles; it was obvious that someone had struck a sore point.

The committee's own logic is a one-way proposition, and is rather embarrassing when used against it. It is, however, a fascinating thing to behold, and was given some real workouts during the course of the evening. One student referred to the riots at the University of Georgia the week before that drove two Negro students from the campus. Wasn't that un-American, and if so, why didn't the committee investigate that? Mr. Lewis agreed that it was un-American, and he deplored it; but, he explained, it wasn't in their jurisdiction.

THE students questioned the aims, goals and results of the committee, and after a number of these questions and comments a middle-aged man rose at the front of the hall and said, "I am a Rutgers graduate, and I have been sitting here in anger that the students of Rutgers would be defending Soviet agents. . . . How," he asked Mr. Lewis, "have we failed here at Rutgers?"

"Rutgers has failed," Mr. Lewis benevolently answered, "in the same way that many colleges have failed. . . . They haven't provided courses on anti-communism, they don't read the Bible of anti-communism, J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit*."

A student jumped up and said, "I am a senior, and I am adequately equipped to know about communism. You're speaking from a lack of knowledge of our courses. We do have courses about communism, and we learn what it's about. I can't agree with your condemnation of our university."

The audience broke into cheers and applause, and most of the students rose in a standing ovation. A few minutes later a Negro student got up to make what was perhaps the most eloquent statement of the views of the majority of the audience:

"Students no longer tacitly accept everything that's told to them. We're not defending Communist views — if we seem to be questioning, we're questioning the good deal we have in this country so we'll know how to best protect it. We have said that your committee has no real legislative function — what are the real achievements of your committee? Are they so important, in view of the devastated careers and ruined fortunes it has caused? It is these things that people think of as the work of HUAC."

Mr. Lewis conceded any student the right to work for the abolition of the committee, if this was his conviction; but he added, in closing, that "My advice to anyone who urges the abolition of the committee is *not* to inform yourself about the committee but about communism."

Mr. Lewis' difficulty was that these students seemed to have informed themselves about both.

THE TRANSPORT SNARL

SLOW MOTION in the JET AGE . . *by Charles E. Stonier*

IN THE PAST few months there has been a rash of articles about the nation's transportation problems. Except for airline crashes, transportation ordinarily rates about as much publicity as the manufacture of bathtubs. The fact that it has been receiving such widespread attention must, therefore, be due to some rather pressing reasons.

These are not hard to find. For instance, the advertisements which promise us the comforts of cruising along the open road have been so successful that everyone has taken to that "open" road—and so virtually closed it. The Malthusian principle, when applied to the supply of automobiles running ahead of the supply of roads and parking space, has taken on very serious proportions.

Overselling the automobile has gone hand in hand with the suburban boom made possible by the presumed flexibility of automobile travel. But as people continue to flock to the suburbs, they get no relief from their dependence on autos. Rarely are new public carrier services added. Consequently, the actual usefulness of owning one, two or even three cars, declines. Several years

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ago, Eric Sevareid made an apropos and foresighted comment: "I am for three cars in every garage, but damn it, let's keep 'em there."

Persons who choose to travel to and from work by means other than the automobile also have their problems. They have to pay more today for less service; slimmer schedules, aging equipment, frequent delays are increasingly representative of the commuter's lot. Roughly, what this adds up to is that the day-to-day needs of people to move about are becoming more difficult to satisfy. By any standards, the productivity of surface transportation is decreasing. The fact that air travel has made most remarkable progress is of little consolation.

THE LESS publicized effect of our transportation frustration has been the consequent high cost. A look at the Labor Department cost of living index shows us that transportation expenses in November reached 46.1 per cent over the 1947-49 base periods. This increase is exceeded only by medical care (47.3 per cent higher). If, however, we break down transportation into private and public, we find the former index to be at 134.1 per cent, the latter 202.6 per cent—more than double the cost of a decade ago, and by far the highest item to be found in the entire index.

Transportation costs, therefore, represent the largest increase in the over-all consumption budget. Although the Department of Labor estimated five years ago that something like 11 per cent of the country's consumption budget went for transportation, it is likely that the percentage is now much higher. This is particularly true in the new suburbs, where the need for transportation is greatest (on Long Island, it is estimated to be at least 14 per cent).

The cost of freight similarly has been pushed up, partly because of the necessity to support a transportation system which is over-expanded and over-staffed, and because the distribution of freight today has also been caught up in the traffic problems of urban communities.

The statistics on transport productivity, however, are not altogether adequate. We have estimates of ton-mileages and passenger-mileages which measure output. But they tell little; just how much did it take to produce them and under what conditions? The time consumed by the typical urban/suburban dweller in order to span only short distances is an important factor that should be included in any meaningful appraisal of transportation productivity. Inconveniences, overcrowding, waiting time, breakdowns and many other facets ought to be considered in telling us what our net transportation product is. These are now largely overlooked.

Automobile usage becomes progressively less efficient where population density rises. Unfortunately, this important principle usually cannot be dealt with within the framework of existing institutions. Local governments are impotent to cope with long-run solutions to transport problems, which are essentially regional in scope. What agencies do exist have been generally designed

to deal only with a single function, such as highways or bridges. There is none which deals with "total" transportation in terms of permitting the carrier which is most fit for doing a specific transportation job to develop its full potential.

Within metropolitan areas we have built a tremendous amount of highway and parking facilities which have rarely brought any long-range traffic relief. The output per dollar invested has been quite low. This has been not only because we have failed to channel funds to the most suitable type of carrier, but also because, in most cases, the appropriation of urban land for vehicular use is extremely costly, and it prevents such land from being productive in other ways. Los Angeles, for example, today has a somewhat loosely defined downtown area. However, that portion which is identifiable has to put two-thirds of its land use to roads and parking facilities to satisfy commercial requirements.

Had it been possible to relocate the basic attractions which an urban center has to offer, perhaps the betterment of highway transportation would have been more fruitful; but most cities have preserved their downtown characteristics. Offices, department stores, entertainment centers—all of these still give the typical core of large cities its *raison d'être*.

Obviously, when large numbers of persons must be deposited within relatively small areas and within a relatively short period of time, this cannot be accomplished logistically through the use of automobiles. Modern technology makes it possible to supply high-speed movements of people by means of mass transport agencies. Yet, under existing institutions—both private and public—we do not seem to be able to take advantage of this technology. We continue to build for the benefit of relatively few, while those who are in real need of transportation—on a day-to-day basis—are receiving little attention.

IN THE New York area, for example, $3 billion worth of arterial highways will serve primarily the needs of the comparatively few who wish to by-pass the city. Additional expenditures are now set aside in order to service customers for the forthcoming World's Fair. Yet four million riders who travel in and out of the city *each day* get little from these vast public improvements.

Anyone who has been riding the New York subways during rush hours recently, or who has been faced with a ninth or tenth postwar increase in fares on suburban railroads, fully realizes what this is all about. The disregard for the vast majority of travelers in the urban area for whom the use of public transport is essential is truly remarkable. There is, in addition, a significant social injustice. The motorist is made part of an elite class. For only he is given the major benefit of new expenditures; in some cases he is given the exclusive use of facilities such as the state parks on Long Island.

All of these considerations are apart

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from the fact that modernized mass-transport carriers are superior as the proper means of getting people in and out of central business districts. Large expenditures on highways, tunnels, bridges and parking garages may be desirable, especially when not related to the totality of transport and other urban needs. But they become less economical when fully evaluated in terms of all direct and indirect benefits, such as impact on tax base and the like. As we continue to build more highways while public transit is left to its own devices, the imbalance of transportation is aggravated and public expenditures become even more uneconomic.

THE NEW YORK area has been plagued particularly by agencies that might be in a position to alleviate travel conditions. The Port of New York Authority and its New York counterpart, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, are staffed by officials who have staunchly resisted looking at transportation in its entire context. The Port Authority, for example, has for some years now constantly avoided any involvement with public transit by rationalizing that the public wants to travel by automobile, and by claiming that its legal obligations prevent it from engaging in transit operation. A Congressional investigation of this agency at the moment is making some headlines; but so far the inquiry has failed to concern itself with the primary issue: Have the Authority's policies contributed to the economic welfare of the Port in accordance with the greatest possible public interest?

At the federal level, examples of poor transportation planning and coordination are plentiful. Let's take the Federal Highway Act of 1956. Already major mistakes have been unearthed, such as building overpasses too low to allow missiles to be trucked. More important, however, is the fact that the Act was passed without consideration of its potential impact on the already critical railroad situation. Furthermore, it allocates funds to the states in such a way that many non-critical areas receive aid in preference to those where major traffic tie-ups exist. It calls for expenditures in urban areas where the transportation problem is the greatest, but where the solution does not rest alone on the provision of more highways.

A great deal more could be accomplished by the rehabilitation and innovation of new mass-transportation services. If the latter were to be part of a federal transportation program, the magnitude of expenditures now contemplated under the Highway Act could be substantially reduced and its objectives more rapidly accomplished. Earmarking $45 billion for highways cannot benefit this nation nearly as much as would devoting a similar sum for transportation purposes in general. By the adoption of a comprehensive plan, it would be possible to channel aid wherever it is needed the most and where it can achieve the best results. Such action would avoid favoring one type of carrier over another.

THE COUNTRY'S transport policies, or lack thereof, have resulted in a chronic over-supply of commercial transport services. The railroads probably could carry today's traffic with half the mileage, trackage and personnel which they now try to support. In aviation, the failure of Capitol Airlines clearly was an indication of too many lines serving the same routes. Redundancy has been mistaken for competition. Regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board has been a failure. It has given us neither a balanced transportation system nor transportation at the lowest possible rate level. The ICC diligently prevents railroads from charging less than controlled freight minima; the CAB won't permit charter lines and others to offer fares below those now exacted by commercial carriers.

Whenever it becomes necessary to override market forces in order to keep prices at a certain level, one should become suspicious. The long-run results are normally uneconomical. For example, it now looks as if the railroads will become nationalized, in which case the federal government will inherit and probably perpetuate existing shortcomings. If we are to have effective regulations, each carrier must be encouraged to display fully whatever advantage it has to offer. This was a mandate under the Transportation Act of 1920; but its chief aims seem to have been derailed. Wholesale consolidation of the railroads, elimination of minimum-rate regulation, encouragement of carriers to promote their inherent advantages would be some of the steps that would cut cost and add to the convenience of consumers.

A thorough examination of our national transportation needs is urgent. Unfortunately, there is now no adequate governmental machinery to plan and cope with the totality of the problem. We need much more than merely to plan highways, parking lots or transit improvements. Without a proper balance in transportation, more of our national product will be wasted. Without a coordinated public policy on the one hand, or the interplay of market forces on the other, transportation remains hopelessly snarled.

WHAT CAN BE done? For metropolitan areas, the device of regional transport authorities may yet be the answer. They could develop, finance and operate (or lease to individual companies) joint transportation services. They could integrate all phases of transportation, rather than deal with one form at a time and out of context, as is normally done today.

In order to combat charges of super-government, super-control or "Metro"—fear of which, in the light of previous experience, may be legitimate—the authority should be

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placed within a regular system of governmental checks and balances. This means that planning agencies at state or bi-state levels should be empowered to pass upon budgets and capital expenditures of operating authorities. These planning boards may be advisory to the appropriate state legislatures, or they may be given veto power in their own right. Their primary function would be to make sure that not only all phases of transportation, but all needs of metropolitan areas, are given a proper scale of priority. If school buildings, for example, are needed the most, then they should receive clearance ahead of, let us say, the construction of an expressway. In other words, there would be the opportunity for good planning.

And as to our national policies, the fact that this country is among the very few without a transportation post in the Cabinet has caught up with us. Our transportation bureaus are scattered throughout the several federal departments. The role of the so-called independent regulatory commissions has never been clearly defined. Consequently, there is no transportation policy or planning. Present circumstances virtually prevent conditions from taking a new turn.

Government reform, however, promises only a partial answer. The automotive business is far too entrenched to permit any substantive redistribution in transportation resources. For a public cause to succeed, there must be important backing by self-interest groups. Downtown retailers and makers of subway cars will have to find additional allies before they can match the influence of automobile, oil, concrete and highway engineering industries.

It is encouraging to note that the Transportation Association of America is sponsoring a research foundation — under the direction of Harvard's Dr. George P. Baker — in order to scrutinize closely this country's transportation needs and to come up with recommendations for improvement. Their implementation, however, would be most difficult without a regrouping of present governmental organizations. Some glimmer of hope lies in the report that the incoming Administration is contemplating the creation of a new Department of Urban Affairs, or a Department of Transportation, or both. Whether this will be enough to buck those who prefer the *status quo* remains to be seen.

In the meantime we had better allow ourselves a little more extra time—and money—and get down to work.

Willy Brandt: Our Man in Berlin . . *by Heinz Pol*

THE CAMPAIGN for the fall elections in the German Federal Republic is under way. So far the American public, overburdened with critical domestic and foreign-policy issues, has paid it little attention. No country in the world seems more stable than Adenauer's. But the elections will decide whether the eighty-five-year-old Federal Chancellor will succeed, for the fourth time, in uniting the majority of voters of his own party — the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.) — which he runs along dictatorial lines. Or will the only other large party represented in the Bonn *Bundestag* — the Social Democratic Party of Germany (S.P.D.) — put an end to the regime of the "grand old man" and elect its own Chancellor?

In November, 1959, the Social Democrats held their party convention at Hanover. It was known beforehand that Willy Brandt, Mayor of Berlin, would be nominated unanimously to run against Adenauer. The convention was revealing in many respects and may become highly significant for the future political, social and cultural development of the Federal Republic. Willy Brandt's candidacy has two important aspects — the one symbolical, and the other concrete. Both are inseparable and mark a decisive phase in the course of West German socialism in general, and German Social Democracy in particular.

Symbolically speaking, the Hanover convention terminated the Socialist tradition from which the S.P.D. leadership had been steering away for years. Not only were the language and phraseology of the old times thrown overboard, but a new "bourgeois ideology" came into being, unalterably opposed to any and all class struggle and oriented, instead, toward some mystic "unity of the nation." Two years ago, at the party's convention in Godesberg, when the leadership seriously began to revise their former socialistic programs, at least the symbolic trimmings of faded glory were still in evidence. This time, in Hanover, even the traditional red streamers and banners had disappeared: the vast convention hall glowed in the innocent light of baby blue. Nothing was left to remind anyone that once upon a time the Social Democratic Party embraced revolutionary ideas (though in moderate form).

Since the Federal Republic has adopted the custom of using propagandistic slogans, the delegates at Hanover spoke of the "new look" which would now characterize the party. On closer inspection, this "new look" turned out to be an embarrassingly close imitation of the political system peculiar to America. The party drastically eliminated all its former political, social and economic reform programs — those that still contained the flimsiest remnants of Socialist or radical trends — and thus made room for a platform which in all major questions differs just as much (or as little) as the platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties in this country.

This is particularly true in for-

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eign policy and national defense, fields as intimately connected and at least as important in Germany's over-all policy as they are in the United States. True, the purely social demands of the Social Democratic program contain numerous progressive proposals within the framework of existing conditions. But they hardly go beyond those of Adenauer's C.D.U.—programs he not only asked for but put into practice: namely, the continued maintenance of economic prosperity with high profits and enough crumbs left for workers and employees, tossed to them in the form of new cars, washing machines, hi-fi sets and similar gadgets of creature comfort.

The new bourgeois style of the Social Democrats differs only insofar as they demand more of all these things, including the distribution of "people's government shares." The idea is to turn every worker and employee into a small-time capitalist. Karl Gerold, editor-in-chief of the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, has written with a trace of gentle irony: "The [S.P.D.] has given up any idea of 'revolution.' It no longer wants to create a new world but improve the existing one; it no longer wants to upset the *status quo* but merely expand it."

IN A country where during the past fifteen years all class lines have become blurred, it has apparently proved inevitable that the attempt at revolution should be abandoned; almost everyone, after a seemingly total defeat and several years of real hunger and suffering, is today concerned exclusively with his material comfort. In this life goal, which has become a national creed, Herr von Krupp and his lowest-paid unskilled laborer are in complete agreement: this is the miracle of unity wrought by German economic recovery in the postwar period.

Those who may still be discontented, or still tend to embrace other political, social or cultural ideals, will find that the road to the Left is blocked. The Communist Party of the Federal Republic is simply banned (which shows that in undermining democratic principles, West Germany is a shade more honest, at least, than the United States, otherwise so

Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We certainly got you back on your feet!"

inordinately admired by Bonn; in America, the Communists are merely persecuted individually while the party itself is allowed to exist). The citizens of the Federal Republic can no more turn to a differently oriented organization, outside of the two large parties, than Americans can in the United States. Even the suspicion of any contacts with Pankow (headquarters of the German Democratic Republic, directed by Moscow), even the slightest tendency toward leftist radicalism, is disastrous. Such persons will find themselves in political and social Coventry, if not in jail.

This recently happened to the Socialist Student Society, an organization which has always represented the best of German intellectual youth. The students rebelled against the ultra-bourgeois, chauvinistic course of the S.P.D. leadership and were promptly denounced as subversive elements, corrupted by Communist wire-pullers in East Berlin. They were expelled from the party, which hastily founded a new student society obediently following the "new look."

THE cold war has further lessened the distinction between the two major parties. However, aside from purely internal problems, is there really nothing left for the German but the road of bipartisanship? For a while, the S.P.D. leadership believed that they might win over the masses by swimming against the stream, i.e., opposing Germany's rearmament, which was first demanded by Dean Acheson. But this line was soon abandoned, for two reasons: (1) the unorganized masses in the Bonn Republic were too indifferent to see that such a step would involve the very life of the country; (2) the S.P.D., which is certainly German even if it isn't altogether Socialist, has developed over the years a nationalistic, at times chauvinistic, attitude. In 1914, the party — at the time the largest and most important Socialist party in the world — voted almost unanimously and with enormous enthusiasm for the granting of war credits. The first Defense Minister of the Weimar Republic, who recalled the imperial officers' corps to active duty instead of pensioning them off, was a Social Democrat, Noske. And it was Weimar's first Social Democratic Chancellor, Philip Scheidemann, who uttered in the Reichstag the phrase since become famous — that he would rather let his hand wither than sign the Versailles Treaty.

IT WOULD, of course, be highly unfair to regard the Social Democrats merely as camouflaged reactionaries. They have made extraordinary strides in the fields of health, education and welfare, starting with the Weimar Republic and extending their activities to Bonn. Adenauer has been the beneficiary of these progressive accomplishments, performed by local Social Democratic administrations: they have been credited to his regime, especially by foreign countries. But in judging the party's over-all political programs, it must not be forgotten that over a long period, and almost invariably in crucial moments of history, the S.P.D. has exhibited a fatal element of chauvinism. Repeatedly, the party has created situations which the real reactionaries were only too happy to exploit.

This is the way things look today. In spite of objections from certain representatives of the "old guard," headed by party chairman Ollenhauer, who insisted that the original resistance against rearming the *Bundeswehr* with nuclear weapons could not simply be abandoned, Willy Brandt

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was able to find a formula giving him and the party a completely free hand in pleading openly for nuclear rearmament — as openly as Adenauer, Strauss, Norstad and others. Willy Brandt declared, in so many words, that the cold war would have to be fought with new methods. For him, it was a question of maintaining the *status quo* until the Germans were militarily strong enough to win what they wanted politically. This is strong language even for a party which has ceased to be Social Democratic, is now dressed up in bourgeois garb and plans to win an election with nationalistic slogans.

THE S.P.D. is confronted with the peculiar necessity of abandoning, both in theory and practice, a nonexistent class struggle: beginning with the fall of 1961, no matter what the cost, it no longer wants to be a powerless opposition party. If the plurality is large enough, the S.P.D. wants to replace the C.D.U. and rule alone; if the election is close, it plans to form a coalition government with the C.D.U. or with some other smaller parties. In order to achieve this goal, the party must appear harmless, dignified, worthy of the future tasks in a country swept clean of leftist radicalism in even its mildest forms. A major split need not be feared; the S.P.D. is no British Labour Party, although at one time it engaged in bitter internal struggles, even breaking up into two large Socialist parties during the First World War. But all this is over, and Willy Brandt announced in his final speech at the Hanover convention amid deafening applause:

> Today it is not the Party's job to philosophize, but to express in clear, hard, realistic terms what it will do for our nation in the world of today. . . . In the spring we will present a government program of such a nature that no democratic party can say that it is impossible to collaborate with German Social Democracy.

The S.P.D. government program will merely spell out what Willy Brandt, and with him the party leadership, proclaimed at the Hanover convention: unconditional willingness to follow a bipartisan policy in the crucial matter of German rearmament, cooperation with NATO and the continuance of the cold war in and about Berlin with all available means. There is no doubt that Brandt, if he wins in September, will enthusiastically welcome such a valuable "expert" as Strauss and let him run the Ministry of Defense.

Adenauer, of course, will not miss the opportunity to emphasize, in his campaign, that the S.P.D. had originally fought rearmament, NATO and the cold war on "grounds of principle," making demands that resembled those of the left wing of the British Labour Party. Some people feel that the German voter may bring with him at the polls the memory of how hastily the S.P.D. leaped into the camp of conformism. But Willy Brandt is almost forty years younger than Adenauer. Even at the S.P.D. convention his followers, who cannot Americanize themselves fast enough, acclaimed him as the "Kennedy of the S.P.D.," whose irresistible, youthful drive would wipe out the Eisenhower-Adenauer era.

WILLY BRANDT will conduct a tough election drive *à l'américaine*. After all, he owes almost everything he is to the United States. Up to the time of the Berlin crisis, he was no more than an efficient Mayor; no German thought him a genius. But then he was celebrated in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere as the hero of the cold war, and even two years ago American publicity agents (together with some Washington politicians) presented him publicly and privately as "Adenauer's successor" — a tactless but effective maneuver. This was the only hint that the ambitious Brandt needed to groom himself systematically for his future role. It was a pushover. There are quite a few clever minds in the leadership of the S.P.D., but not a single individual so consumed with ambition and so ruthlessly capable of using his elbows as the Man from Berlin.

It would be very wrong to underestimate his energy, his gift for oratory and his talent as a natural politician. But he lacks practical experience, and up until the Berlin crisis the sweeping lines of world politics were a closed book to him. His Socialist past and his implacable, highly militant attitude toward the Nazis are clear enough. But he has weaknesses which should not be overlooked. Perhaps he came up too fast in the world, and perhaps his all-too-obvious striving for compromise and over-fastidious appearance conceal a character flaw. The exaggerated smartness of his clothes — he would consider it offensive to wear a suit without a vest! — seems to stem from a desire to mirror the bourgeois prosperity of his country. He is an adherent of *Realpolitik* through and through.

This may turn out to be one of the fatal miscalculations of Willy Brandt and others who initiated the "new look" of the S.P.D. As long as the prosperity of the Federal Republic continues, the *juste milieu* will be sated and contented. West Germany has no unemployment; indeed, it suffers from a shortage of workers. But there are increasing signs that prosperity has reached the saturation point. According to a good many experts, there may be recessions. In that case, a political "radicalization" process will quickly set in. And since there exists no organization to the Left of the S.P.D., the beneficiaries of such a development can only be nationalist groups and similar splinter parties. The Social Democratic government will be blamed for "mismanagement." This happened during the Weimar Republic, and the game must inevitably be repeated if and when the present prosperity ends.

But with the party's "new look" and with total conformism of its foreign and military policy, the S.P.D. has crossed the Rubicon. Under its current, firmly established leadership, it will have trouble finding a third course if times should change. The party has staked its first and last card on the glamour boy, Willy Brandt. If he wins the elections and brings the party back to power, even if only as a coalition member, all is well. Otherwise the future of the S.P.D. looks dim. Even without a major economic crisis, it will be mainly the rightist and reactionary groups that will profit from the failure of a party which has developed the technique of compromise to the point of political suicide.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Of Time and the Ostrich

Loren Baritz

WE HAVE in America a species of economic animal that one would expect to be extinct; it cannot adapt to its environment. Its most pronounced defensive characteristic is a tearful lament about the passing of a world in which it imagines happiness was possible. It longs to return to a Happy Time about which its elders have told it. Today its name is Vance Packard.

Mr. Packard, one feels certain, operates from some sort of economic and political position. It is possible to add up his three books,* to come to a conclusion about the kind of mentality that has been at work. By now it is clear that most professional social scientists do not like Mr. Packard's work; perhaps he sells more books and the green dragon is set loose; perhaps the usual criticisms of Mr. Packard should be taken at face value. It is true that he makes an uncommon amount of noise, that his work is, or rather seems to be, directionless, that his evidence too often is unconvincing, that he borrows the wrong conclusions from the wrong social scientists. But the conditioned reflex that is now stimulated in the professional social scientists when Mr. Packard and his works are discussed misses, I think, the essential ligaments that hold Mr. Packard and his works together. His works have direction; his implicit assumptions may be explicated; he belongs to a tradition. The most concise and serious thing one may say about Mr. Packard is that he is a particular kind of American.

As everyone must know by now, Mr. Packard disapproves of many of the most characteristic qualities of the United States today. Really, when one gets down to it, he disapproves of industrialism and — even — capitalism. Mr. Packard is a member of what was once a distinguished group of Americans who were committed to a concocted but believed image of the village in nineteenth-century America. This group—including Elton Mayo, Frederick Jackson Turner, and even the two Roosevelts in their different ways—saw in the nineteenth-century American small town the ultimate repository of good manners, good breeding, clear standards of behavior, and a general security that provided the most smiling environment man has ever known. Mr. Packard is still a spiritual citizen of such a village, and his self-appointed task is to convince those Americans most committed to the twentieth century to become villagers too. He wants Madison Avenue to become Main Street, and board chairmen to become blacksmiths. His task is large.

Mr. Packard is thus a reformer looking backwards, one who accepts the situation which gave rise to the things he now finds unpleasant, but is quite innocent of any sense of time. Progress, for him, consists in recapturing what he believes was once the common property of sensible Americans. Beginning slowly enough, he talked rather casually in *The Hidden Persuaders* about Professor Riesman's categories of inner- and other-direction. Village Americans, of course, were inner-directed. With *The Status Seekers* we move one step further: "Progress would seem to lie in the direction of turning inward rather than outward for inspiration in the creation of one's homestead." How long has it been since you have heard the split-level ranch-type house with barbeque pit referred to as a "homestead"? The breed of American of which Mr. Packard is now a major spokesman is nothing if not quaint.

WITH *The Waste Makers,* his most serious book, Mr. Packard gives the whole show away. Here he discloses what for him is the unhappy news that American youths have abandoned "our traditional concept" of them, that they are no longer "ambitious, dedicated, self-sufficient, individualistic idealists who hope to build a better world," that they even may not accept his standard of a "taste treat": "the cherry pies Grandma used to make." A strategy of waste and planned obsolescence has created, he thinks, a strong economy in a fragile society. Americans have paid for their prosperity with their virtue. Time and again, Mr. Packard conjures up his notion of the nineteenth-century pastoral as the measure of our degeneration. Thus, when he begins to suffocate in the chrome-plated world of our time he seeks out some New England village in which he may recreate his spirit. "It often occurs to me as I stroll," he said, "that the mass merchandisers of the sixties . . . have not been able even to approach creating as fine an environment for life as was created in these old villages in what are now the backwaters of the United States."

Mr. Packard's view of the problems leads him to his solutions. Merely recapture lost innocence and all will be well. Do you fear that corrupted, materialistic, rich, exploited and manipulated Americans will refuse to make themselves over in the image of Thoreau? Mr. Packard, too, has an occasional doubt, so he urges, in *The Hidden Persuaders,* that the Advertising Research Foundation and the Public Relations Society of America draw up "realistic up-to-date codes defining the behavior of ethically responsible persuaders." The Social Science Research Council and the American Psychological Association should define the appropriate behavior of social scientists. In *The Waste Makers* his solutions are more drastic: consumers should complain to manufacturers about shoddy goods: "Three letters of protest will create pandemonium." We poor, sick consumers should even write our Congressmen urging the establishment of an effective bureau of standards. This is all possible because, as he says in *The Status Seekers,* "Americans are accustomed to setting disagreeable situations straight in a hurry."

If his description of the corruption of American morality is accepted, his remedies constitute a grand *non sequitur.* He describes how senseless we Americans have become, and then appeals to our good sense. In *The Status Seekers* he asserted that the big institutions of America, because of their status selling, are preventing the realization of democracy, and he asked, "what can be safely done in the big company . . . to restore more democracy and more understanding?" Leaving aside the question of what safety has to do with democracy, and the validity of his notion of *restoring* democracy, it seems clear that Mr. Packard has somehow managed to miss essential elements of the American Way of

**The Hidden Persuaders* (1957) $4; *The Status Seekers* (1959) $4.50; *The Waste Makers* (1960) $4.50. Published by David McKay Co.

LOREN BARITZ, author of Servants of Power *(Wesleyan), is a member of the History Department of Wesleyan University.*

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Life. Because of his anachronistic liberalism, he must emphasize the good sense of senseless Americans, and he must ignore considerations of power. The modern factory is authoritarian, as every manager knows, and recent discussions about how to implement democracy within the industrial bureaucracy are, at best, camouflage for those who have difficulty reconciling the ideological tensions between power and Jeffersonian liberalism.

More basic is Mr. Packard's refusal to acknowledge that the American economy is what he partly has shown it to be. Waste is of the essence. Frequent replacement of goods is necessary for continued growth. He does not like it, but our economic strength now, in large part, derives from the very vulgarities and stupidities which he describes. Codes of fair play are his nostrum but they will fail, as they have failed, because the game can no longer be played fairly by those who have a continuing interest in profits. Credit cards for adolescents make perfect sense in the context of the American economy, and to say that this is immoral misses the point that immorality also makes perfect sense.

And more basic yet is the sight of Mr. Packard walking one way while looking another; he tries to relate himself to this century while living in the earlier one. America cannot go back. And because debasement and obscenity have become the *sine qua non* of the American System, it seems likely that America has discovered something new under the sun: a process without an end, limitless decay. He thinks that "we can choose not to be persuaded." Translated, this might read: we can choose to bring our economy crashing into the biggest pile of rubble the world has ever seen. Americans are now fat, will choose to become fatter, and protect our sluggishness and clumsiness by carrying a bomb. No pious wishing or wet hankies will change what has now become the necessary state of American affairs.

MR. PACKARD'S three books have confused further the issues he has presumably set out to clarify. The form his nostalgic liberalism takes has been devised by the hidden persuaders and the waste makers. His sprawling audience—the persuaded, seeking, wasters—has agreed to read about its slick, adman, production-by-formula society in Mr. Packard's three slick, adman, production-by-formula books. In his excursions into the occult world of motivational research, Mr. Packard learned much: the importance of the brand name, of the package, of tailoring the presentation to the intended consumer. So well has he learned that his books which discuss the rules of the game follow those rules themselves. His attention to and success with his own "brand image," packaging and naming, should show that an implementation of Madison Avenue cuteness is the most profitable way of criticizing the profitableness of Madison Avenue cuteness. He is himself not a hidden persuader; he is rather a persuader who would like to hide from his time and place. The garishness of the American landscape will not be much affected by an occasional ostrich.

Our Penurious Government

THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING. By Francis M. Bator. Harper & Bros. 167 pp. $3.75.

Lorie Tarshis

THE SUBJECT of government spending seems to evoke in this country not so much a Conspiracy of Silence as a Conspiracy of Babble. Government spending, we are assured, is Socialist, extravagant, wasteful, inflationary; it will plunge the nation into bankruptcy and depression. Most economists know this to be nonsense, but Mr. Gallup doesn't poll economists. This irrational opposition to government spending, in a country which prides itself upon its democracy, would be amusing were it not so destructive.

Unfortunately it does provide the intellectual (*sic*) foundation for policy, and policies conceived in its name have been enormously costly. We are efficient in keeping physical sand out of the wheels of our machinery, but we have been unconcerned about the ideological sand that keeps them from turning as they could.

This is a long complaint with which to begin a review of an outstanding book. But it is important to stress the point that the book is not simply good; it is concerned with a matter that lies at the root of many of our economic difficulties. And this issue, if not properly handled, is apt to trip us up before we get anywhere near the New Frontier.

Mr. Bator's work falls into two parts. He first presents the very important but often little known facts about government spending. Is it widely known, for example, that the ratio of that part of the nation's output taken by government for purposes other than defense to the nation's total output was actually lower in 1957 than in 1939, and not very much higher than in 1929? What, then, is the basis for the image of our greedy, devouring and ever-growing government? Is it widely known that — once more not counting defense goods, and allowing for price rises — government purchases on a per capita basis were also slightly lower in 1957 than in 1939? Could this not account for our crowded schools, inadequate highways and slums? Let us hope that the forthcoming march to the New Frontier takes us at least back to 1939!

MOST of the book is concerned with basic analytical issues. First, the author attempts to deal with the allegation that government spending is necessarily inflationary — there seems to be a Gresham's Law of Allegations in economics: viz., "Bad Allegations Drive out Good." Incidentally, it was not so long ago that Senator Taft's allegation that government spending was deflationary—for every additional dollar spent by the government, private spending declines by two — was part of the accepted doctrine. Bator's case is a familiar one to economists, but what is perhaps unfamiliar is that he puts it clearly and sharply for the general reader. It is too bad that he did not consider the claim, now being put forward, that government spending is responsible for our gold losses. This appears to be the new line of those who oppose a more active role for government in education, housing, urban renewal, and so on.

But if it does not cause inflation, does government spending, except on such goals as defense and police protection, not direct the nation's resources into uses that are less desirable than they might have been had funds remained in private hands? In other words, would $5,000 spent on a new car not do more good than the same sum collected in taxes and spent, say, to pay the salary of a grade schoolteacher? This claim can be examined from two standpoints. The superficial one merely exclaims: "What! More tail fins when our schools are overcrowded!"; it is probably convincing enough. But the other is more fundamental and Mr. Bator pursues it. He tries to determine under what circumstances even the most dyed-in-the-wool supporter of consumer sovereignty and

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the free market would agree that welfare was raised by having the government do some of the buying and thereby influence the pattern of resource use. He makes the case as difficult and restrictive for himself as possible and nevertheless manages to show that government action of this kind would sometimes be appropriate. With a somewhat more realistic model — advertising, imperfect competition, uncertain anticipations, and so on — the case can be made somewhat stronger. But his argument is sufficient and it is, incidentally, presented with remarkable clarity.

It is a shame that this book did not serve as a tract for the elections. Had it done so, the Democrats might have presented their arguments for a more active government program less apologetically. The case *is* a good one, as Mr. Bator shows.

Freedom from Cancer?

CANCER: DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION? By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Hill and Wang. 180 pp. $3.95.

George A. Silver

THIS BOOK combines a respectable author's name with a somewhat tarnished topic. Stefansson is well known, respected and admired for his writings and for his contributions to knowledge about the Eskimos and the Arctic. Since 1913 he has been writing detailed, carefully accurate descriptions of what he has seen and noted in the civilization of the antique and backward people among whom he lived so many years. The Eskimos have become a passion with Stefansson and he has been able to transmit his feeling of intense involvement to probably millions of people all over the world. His reputation is monumental, both in the scientific and literary worlds. In his eighties he seems as vigorous, productive, keen and argumentative as ever. He states his ideas squarely. He has no intention of backtracking or pussy-footing.

This long-winded prologue is a way of indicating how difficult it is to deal with the information that he now presents. In *Cancer: Disease of Civilization?* he has come to the conclusion that primitive peoples are free of cancer and that this freedom is due to their diet. Where primitive peoples have changed to a civilized diet, cancer seems to become prevalent. (In the main, he ascribes the evil principle to cooking the food. Raw food is the salvation of primitive peoples; hot food, frying, etc., is their bane.) As long as they remain on their primitive diet, cancer is unknown among them.

Laboratory information on nutrition as a cause of cancer or the interrelationship of nutrition and cancer, is nonexistent or else the scientific evidence is uncertain and certainly inconclusive. Statistical data on the incidence or prevalence of cancer among Eskimos is also lacking. But for Stefansson, his own observations and the information obtained from discussions with the doctors who first went into the Arctic sixty years ago, or from sea captains who observed Eskimos and primitive peoples in other parts of the world, make conclusive proof. He has decided that cancer doesn't exist in primitive peoples; that the primitive Eskimos as he knew them did not have cancer and that now they do. And, of course, their diet is now changed, so it is a fact that cancer and civilization have come to the Eskimos at the same time. He draws upon earlier writers on cancer to shore up his opinions. But opinions they remain.

It is difficult to argue against a persuasive cancer hypothesis, since by and large we lack real evidence as to what does cause it. As a matter of fact, "cancer" may be many diseases—some caused by irritation, some by radiation, some by infection, perhaps some by diet. But there's no one *cause*.

Rene Dubos, an outstanding scientist and member of the Rockefeller Institute who has himself made outstanding contributions to microbiology, has written a discreet introduction to Stefansson's book. He feels that Stefansson's theory needs to be given thoughtful consideration and that perhaps some investigation could be done along the lines he suggests. "It is the responsibility of social and medical sciences to analyze the natural and artificial forces which affect his [modern man's] health and happiness, in order to help him develop a rational way of life fitted to the new world he is creating." Scientists will undoubtedly have to take Stefansson seriously even if we enter the disclaimer that statistical evidence for changing prevalence or incidence of cancer among primitive peoples has never been established.

ASIDE from these controversial matters, Stefansson's notes, Stefansson's observations, Stefansson's quotes are interesting in themselves. The book ought to be read, not only for what it says about cancer, but for what it tells of the early beginnings of scientific insights into Eskimo life. It ought to be read, too, because Stefansson's felicitous descriptions of Arctic life in his youth bring the Arctic and the Eskimo people vividly before our eyes. This world, now mostly gone and soon probably forgotten, needs to be remembered. The anthropological events of the exposure of a primitive race to civilization should be brought to view again so that another generation can see for itself the fascination and the wonder that confronted the people of the nineteenth century when they uncovered this Stone Age world. Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic* charmed a whole generation. This new book, with all that it re-creates of that hard, bitter, incredible life, is a contribution of value.

I don't know whether Stefansson has found an important key to the cancer problem. I do feel that the things he recalls, including the lost French investigations of the nineteenth century, the observations of the whaling captains, and his own heady life with the people in the far north, are worth reading for themselves.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital in New York.

What It Was

What it was, was this: the stars
Had died for the night,
and shone;
And God, God also shone,
Up, straight up, at the very
Top of the sky.
The street
Was one of the better suburbs
Of the night, and was a leaf,
Or the color of one
in the
Moonlit dark.
She, my mother,
Went to the window; it was
As late as night could be
To her.
She looked at the wind,
Still, the wind,
. . . never having blown.
And in the morning, now, of sleep,
The stars, the moon & God
began
Once more, away,
into the sky.
—And she, my mother, slept . . .
In her window, in her sky.

ROBERT S. SWARD

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Remembering Richard Wright

Nelson Algren

RICHARD WRIGHT came to Chicago because there was no other place for him to go. He came as a stranger, lived as a stranger, and he left without looking back. "Whenever I leave that town I feel as though I had been in a three-day nightmare," he wrote from Mexico in 1940.

Yet his impact upon Chicago has been more enduring than that of any merchant prince, mayor or newspaper owner. For his impact was not upon City Hall but upon the city's conscience; and therefore upon the conscience of humanity.

Beginning himself as a face without a name among a multitude of nameless faces, an inarticulate man of no address, a being entitled to survive but possessing no claim to an individuality of his own, he became the voice of multitudes now claiming not merely an address, but their individuality as men. His voice opened a wedge for the inarticulate of the world, both black and white.

The challenge Wright raised was both specific and general. In *Native Son* he asserted specifically that, when a crime is committed by a man who has been excluded from civilization, civilization is accomplice to the crime. In defense of Bigger Thomas he demanded of the prosecution: "Let's see your hands."

More generally, he asserted that any man who exists without society's recognizing him as a unique being, is dehumanized, a mere thing. And he said this to Negroes as well as to whites.

"I really think Negroes are to blame for the reactions to *Native Son*," he wrote, "so few of them have ever tried to tell the truth about how they feel. They are shamed, scared and want to save their pride. Well, in writing that book I just threw shame, fear and pride out of the window."

"I knew I'd never get to be twenty-one anyhow," a teen-ager once assured a Chicago judge upon being sentenced to the electric chair. He also meant, "Let's see your hands."

"I never knew I was alive in this world until I felt things hard enough to kill for them," Bigger Thomas explains himself in the final scene of *Native Son*, "But I'm alright now." He meant that he had joined the company of men by the only means men had left him. He had made it, too.

Wright knew that in both of these youths the need to belong to the company of men had been strong enough to kill for that recognition. He knew this firsthand. *Native Son* is the emotional autobiography of a man who refused to be either a thing or a criminal. Bigger Thomas forced recognition by an act of murder, Wright by an act of art.

He went for truth first to the respectable and the articulate, but their answers were false. So he went where Dostoevski, Dreiser, Darrow and Farrell had gone for truth — to the born-to-be-doomed.

Today the walls of that death house where Bigger Thomas clung are widening, to reveal multitudes born-to-be-doomed, asking now, "Doomed by whom?"

The multitudes of the tin-roofed Hoovervilles of Caracas, the men and women burning passes that stamp them as mere things in Johannesburg, the Cuban peasants from the fields — these are not overturning our world upon instruction from the Kremlin, but from the instruction of their own spirits assuring them that they, too, belong to the company of men.

The accusation Dick Wright spoke as a prophecy has turned, two decades later, into a warning:

"Let's see your hands."

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

RHINOCEROS (Longacre) is Eugene Ionesco's "popular" play or, as he himself has said, the play he wrote *pour le public*. It has been a success in Paris, in Germany, in London (in good measure due to Laurence Olivier's participation), and now it has been cordially received by a press which was generally indifferent to Ionesco's shorter works.

The play's career makes a lively bit of theatre history. In Paris an American writer of *avant-garde* tendencies assured me that *Rhinoceros* was perhaps the only one of Ionesco's plays which was totally without interest for him, while at the same time an English critic affirmed that it was the first Ionesco play which was not rubbish. Nigel Dennis, English novelist, playwright and critic, complained that the play was too explicit and thus lacked the imaginative piquancy of Ionesco's *The Chairs;* Kenneth Tynan in London, where most reviewers favored the play rather than the production (directed by Orson Welles), declared that the production was good but the play bad—but I rather suspect that Tynan's seeming prejudice is dictated by his admiration for Brecht whom Ionesco scorns. Sartre — another author about whom Ionesco is icy—deems *Rhinoceros* to be a play for the complacent, because it doesn't really make clear why a man shouldn't become a "rhinoceros"!

With such a background of controversy—and having myself seen the London production—I approach the statement of my present reaction with particular care and caution. There is no use in a critic's pretending that he is never influenced. He would be less than human—therefore a poor critic—if this were so.

I advise my readers to see the play. It requires no courage—at this point—to say that it is the most interesting play of the season. (Of course, like all

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comparative superlatives the remark is somewhat empty: it has been a dismal season and *Rhinoceros* cannot properly be linked with *A Taste of Honey* or even *The Hostage*.) What may certainly be affirmed is that *Rhinoceros* is entertaining and, whatever one's estimate of its underlying spirit, significant. This is sufficient today to make it important.

The play was originally a short story: it is overlong as a three-act play. Its apparent point is made at least three-quarters of an hour before its final curtain. I speak of an "apparent" point because there is something more in the play's message than is contained in the symbol of men who turn into rhinoceroses—the comedy and terror of conformism. For the play, despite the central figure's ultimate defiance of bestiality, is essentially anarchistic, bitter, very nearly hopeless.

THE rational mind and logic are absurd, Ionesco tells us; they have little relation to the truth (which is the chaos) of life. Intellectuals are fools. Most organized radicals are not only clowns but robots—ready under pressure to swing from extreme Left to extreme Right. The conventional middle-class gentleman is a moron; the smooth little subaltern of the business community is a fraud, favored hirelings of the *status quo* are grotesque, the sweet young thing whom we regard as the sweetheart of the world is spineless. Ultimately they all turn into monsters of blind energy, cruel forces of destruction.

A little man—confused, uncertain, without direction except for some nameless grace of disposition will resist, though he too is probably doomed. (He acknowledges that the person who wishes to remain an individual always ends badly.) Destined to defeat or not, he does resist—all by himself—which may be described as a *pathetic* absurdity. In almost all the other Ionesco plays the counterpart of Berrenger (the helpless "hero" of *Rhinoceros*) is always done in by the Monster—the mysterious Evil which dominates all. In this sense *Rhinoceros* may be said to mark an "advance" for Ionesco, a stirring of conscience against complete despair, an anguished sigh of protest against surrender.

Philosophically this is an unsound as well as an unsatisfactory position. Humanly it is quite understandable: many people the world over feel as Berrenger does, both lonely and afraid of others. Historically it is typical of the state of mind of a large part of the French intelligentsia today. At worst, its attitude is preferable to the non-awareness and spiritual inanition of, let us say, the ordinary American playgoer: Ionesco's merit as an artist is that he finds theatrically telling means to reflect this contemporary fright. His plays are brilliant statements for the stage: his therefore is an authentic and original theatre talent.

Ionesco has said that his work has been stimulated by Kafka and the Marx brothers: it expresses apprehension through gags. In Joseph Anthony's direction of *Rhinoceros* (more engaging than that of the London production) only the gags are effective. The first act (the most successful of the three) is generally hilarious—though there is a faint touch of college theatricals throughout. The latter impression is due to the fact that we get very little sense of how the fun and games relate to the central theme which is not at all funny.

The slightly Disney style at the beginning is not only childlike but rather childish and when protracted makes us surmise that we are witnesses to a one-joke affair. But this is not really the case. From the outset the play's final act and particularly its crucial last speech, which approaches the tragic, should have been kept in view. What is required by the material is not so much "Kafka *and* the Marx brothers" as Kafka within the Marx brothers. The present production has no true style because each of its elements apes whatever farcical trick or serious sentiment seems to be indicated moment by moment, and does not convey a sense that all of the play's aspects interpenetrate to form a single Idea with an indivisible meaning. Thus the last scene of the play descends to the level of a rather flat realism.

Still the "show" makes for a good evening with, as they say, loads of laughs. Complimentary remarks might be made about everyone—Eli Wallach for his bewildered sweetness, Morris Carnovsky for his expertness at rendering innocent idiocy, Anne Jackson for her cuteness etc., etc.; but the outstanding performance is that of Zero Mostel whose penchant for Rabelaisian antics of inexhaustible comic verve and inventiveness makes the conversion of his bonehead bourgeois into a roaring pachyderm seem masterfully easy, despite the perspiration. My only reservation on this performance is that the final emergence of the character as a rhinoceros should be indicated by a horn thrust through the bathroom door rather than by the actor's own Gargantuan baby face.

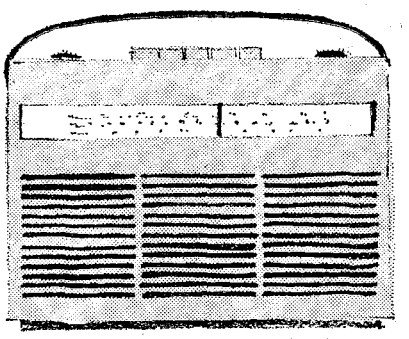
DESIGN from GERMANY

Walter McQuade

This is the last of three discussions of contemporary design exhibitions.

"DESIGN in Germany Today" is a serious scanning of German consumers' goods—700 items, mostly very small, of china, glassware, furniture, fabrics, radio-cases, etc.—now being circulated in America by the Smithsonian Institution under the sponsorship of the Federal Republic of Germany. In New York the show was displayed in the venerable old Cooper Union Building for the Arts of Decoration, a judicious background for a group of so completely modern objects. The atmosphere there is quite real, quite timeless. The old wood floors seem about to creak a little; at night you can hear the buses growling by in the streets four floors downstairs. You find yourself judging beyond the objects, and while I don't believe in looking for sociological content in the wine glasses on display at a museum, it was natural to try to infer from such a show whether Germany, which led the way into modern industrial design in the 1920s and early 1930s, still has that vigor. But if there is a new aesthetic churning going on in German design today, this exhibition gave little hint of it.

Glassware was the largest category in the show, and frequently it was coolly beautiful. Thin glass, of course, has an innate grace and glint, but even some of the more substantial tumblers, such



Radio by Hans Gugelot

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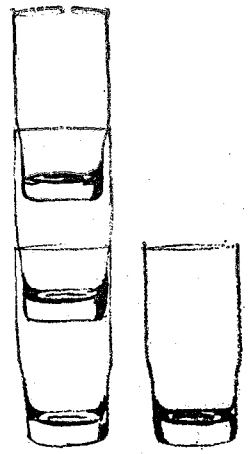
as the stacking glasses by Hans Theo Baumann, were nice things to own. The few furniture pieces shown, chairs, were smoothly pleasant, but with very little daring in shape, not much elegance and—from their looks—no particular comfort. The fabrics were dull modern. Most of the products such as radio cabinets, if without vulgarity, were sleekly anonymous. Several by a man named Hans Gugelot had the strength of bearing a family resemblance. Gugelot's touch is recognizable by the delicate contrasts he uses to point up his materials. For instance, although most of his things were made of plastics, he added a touch of leather, or a smooth wood of a bland color, a trimming which brings life to the usual blank stare of plastic and makes it seem quite airily aloof as a material.

Most of the porcelain plates and pots were pale and exquisite, but exquisite in a by now rather expected way. I doubt that it took a great amount of originality to design them — more good, cool taste, perhaps, than hot talent; and it was the kind of ruling good taste that sometimes makes it hard for original talent. Looking at the dishes and bowls, I was grateful when I came to the few pieces which were not white, or off-white, but vivid; a strong brown porcelain coffee service by Hubert Griemert was one of these. Deep color made the kindly curves of the pieces seem even a little voluptuous.

IN THE foreword to the exhibition, German Ambassador Wilhelm Grewe remonstrated mildly: "In making the selection, attention was given not to individually outstanding or ingenious pieces of work displaying the fantasy or imagination of a particular artist, but to ordinary consumer goods which are available to everyone and which, therefore, serve a useful, everyday function."

Well, it is certain that German consumers are to be admired for their simple good taste; it is refreshing when compared with the ingredient of jukebox fantasy that still seems needed to move house goods in the United States. When Hans Eckstein, who actually chose most of the objects in the exhibition, wrote his introduction, he might have had in mind the wild wares being manufactured across the Alps in Italy:

> Good production in Germany is distinguished by a sober sense for the practical. The German contribution to good design of functional objects lies not so much in the imaginative unusual, but rather in the solid, practical design. Is constructive elegance missing? The somewhat ascetic austerity reflected in the best German products has one prerogative, in any case, which is a merit in the present situation: it means a clear renunciation of dangerous modernism and fashionable extravagance.



Glasses by Hans Theo Baumann

But *dangerous modernism?* It seems to me we've heard that one before in Germany. It is reassuring to observe that what was dangerous modernism in the 30s is now being pushed by the federal fatherland, but there is something lacking in it today. It is very safe, possibly even a little smug. Across the quarter-century that has passed there are echoes of the stubborn grace, and sometimes positive fanaticism, that some of the Bauhaus people brought, unafraid, to the assembly line; but these are only echoes. It struck me that evening at Cooper Union, as some students walked through the show, that this is more like a historical exhibition than a contemporary one.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AS USUALLY happens at this time of year, the New York music season is rising to a climax. In addition to standard fare, four full concerts of contemporary music were given on a recent Sunday. Since I could not attend them all, I went to the two most important: the opening of the sixth annual Music In Our Time series, under the directorship of Max Pollikoff; and a Pan-American Concert directed by Eric Simon as part of the Town Hall Festival of Music.

By coincidence, the forty-four-year-old American, Ben Weber, was represented by major works on both programs. In the afternoon, Mr. Simon directed the first New York performance of Weber's *Rapsodie Concertante for Viola and Small Orchestra*, Op. 47, with Ralph Hersh as soloist. In the evening, at the YMHA, Mr. Pollikoff was soloist and Paul Wolfe conductor in the *Chamber Fantasie for Solo Violin*, with an accompanying ensemble of two clarinets, two celli, harp and contrabass.

Both are beautiful works. Weber is one of the most meticulous craftsmen in this country, a 12-tonist of Romantic bent who, despite the complexity of his technical equipment, seeks always to express and to communicate. Though his music is evanescent and mysterious in color, due to his manner of orchestrating the intricate mesh of lines which makes it up at any given moment, it is always warm. He follows in the line of Wagner and Schönberg rather than of Webern, and his intricately detailed textures congeal into harmony instead of dissipating into thin air. While his techniques are almost entirely contrapuntal, the result is a *corpus* of considerable amplitude, and a strongly defined melodic flow.

I had heard the *Rapsodie Concertante* on an earlier occasion with piano accompaniment substituting for the orchestra. Though I was immediately sure of the work's quality and value, it was obvious that no single piano — and probably no two pianos — could deal adequately with the complex, linearly conceived accompaniment. This music had been written with orchestral instru-

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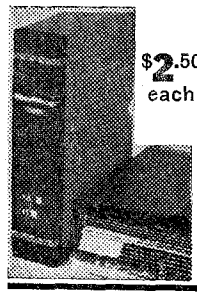

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ments in mind, and I therefore looked forward to Mr. Simon's performance.

Unfortunately, the conductor had spread time and energy too thin, having scheduled an over-extensive program of music, and his performance fell short of Weber's music. It gave the general outline of the piece and a broad, rather muddy impression of its contents. (Mr. Hersh played his part robustly and well.) But this performance revealed little more about the music than did the earlier, viola-piano one. It is a work requiring an incredibly sensitive calculation of instrumental balances, and cannot be muddled through. Even the smallest cymbal sound must be exactly gauged if it is not to tear the fabric.

Mr. Pollikoff's performance of the *Chamber Fantasie for Solo Violin*, on the other hand, was beautifully warm and flexible, in complete control of the technical and emotional aspects of the music, and simply glowing with color. The transparent, luminous qualities of the accompaniment were fully realized by Mr. Wolfe and an ensemble of splendid chamber musicians. These were Alexander Kouguell and Joseph Tekula, cellists; Charles Russo and Stanley Walden, clarinetists; Florence Wightman, harpist; and David Walter, bassist.

The Pan-American program listed the first New York performance of *Colorines* for chamber orchestra, by Silvestre Revueltas (Mexico); *Concertant IV* for clarinet, strings, piano, celesta and percussion, by Roger Goeb (U.S.A.); the first New York performance of the orchestral version of *Warble for Lilac-Time*, for soprano and chamber orchestra, by Elliott Carter (U.S.A.); the first American performance of *Tres Cantigas del Rey*, for soprano, harpsichord, string quartet and percussion, by Julian Orbón (Cuba); the same composer's *Hymnus ad Galli Cantum*, for soprano, string quartet, flute, oboe, clarinet and harp; the *Symphony No. 2* for string orchestra, by Hector A. Tosar (Uruguay). It was, as I have said, an overlong program, and would have benefited by the omission of the commonplace work by Tosar and the *Hymnus* by Orbón, which was commonplace too, though in a different idiom.

The other Orbón work was delightful —a *medieval cum modern* treatment of three Spanish plain-chant melodies on such subjects as: "How Saint Mary delivered a man who had been excommunicated for a long time," and ". . . how Saint Mary cured in her Church in Paris a man who had cut off his leg because of the great pain caused by the Fire of St. Martial." His treatment of the instruments was exquisite; the vocal lines were direct and appealing. Soprano Ruth Morris projected them with the utmost freshness and good spirit, and harpsichordist Rafael Puyana (to whom the songs were dedicated) did some of the finest playing I have heard in a long time.

I hope, however, that Miss Morris' Spanish was better pronounced than her English in the Carter *Warble for Lilac-Time*. Not one word of Walt Whitman's text was understandable, and following it in print hardly helped. The music was very pretty: limpid, bright and somewhat Coplandesque.

Roger Goeb's *Concertant IV*, coming after the vivaciously tinted Revueltas *Colorines*, sounded less attractive than it should have. (This was inept programing.) Goeb's command of instrumental color is firm. He prefers dark hues, rather than the more frivolous, lighter ones. He has a good sense of rhythm; a good sense of structure: there are no accidents in his composing. He writes the music he has determined to write. I do wish, though, that I could find more substance on the inside of this *Concertant*. Everything on the outside is so good, but the core eludes.

ON Pollikoff's YMHA program the main event, aside from the Ben Weber piece, was a first New York performance of Günther Schuller's *Music for Brass Quintet*, played by the New York Brass Quintet. Schuller is the "hottest" young composer in New York right now. He is incredibly gifted and perfectly trained. He is also verbal and personally dynamic. It is exhilarating to see a musician still in his thirties so fully equipped for a major career.

But, like many young Americans, Schuller is intoxicated with the idea of finding "new sounds." To this end, he raises instrumental color to a major position, using it as if it could be the whole show. His music is dazzling, but, in the works I have heard, it has sometimes run short on idea. Color, whether instrumental, harmonic, or orchestrational, is a subsidiary element. When it is raised to a primary position, the result is bound to be some kind of simplification. I do not believe that this approach can result in a complete music, even though it can produce some very handsome effects.

Lionel Nowak was represented on this program by two piano works, excellently performed by himself. They were the *Fantasia* (1954) and *Problem No. 2: Solutions J-K-L*. Like much of his music, these pieces were hard-edged, percussive and intelligent. It is a sign of the times that, though their style would very recently have been called "modern," they sounded a bit dated.

A set of *Duos* for woodwinds, culminating in a *Duo for Voice and Flute*, by Wallingford Riegger, showed, as this composer's work always does, marvelous economy and a charming sense of humor. I did not care for his treatment of the voice in the last *Duo*, however, because he simply pretended that it was a mechanical instrument and wrote the flute notes into its part. The fine young soprano, Dorothy Renzi, coped with the awkward vocalise without an ounce of trouble. But she did not turn into a flute.

Charles Wuorinen's *Consort from Instruments and Voices* was a piece of tape-recorder music in which organ sounds predominated. It was an early attempt at such composition—perhaps even the composer's first—and not surprisingly it sounded amateurish.

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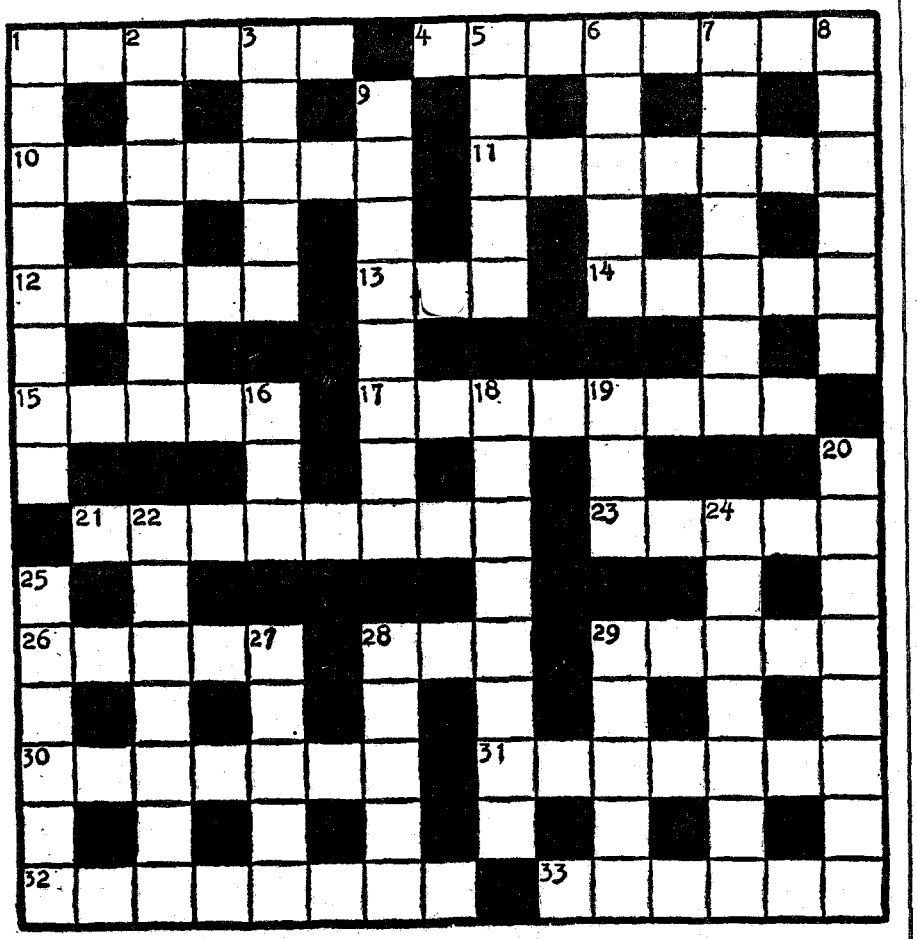
Crossword Puzzle No. 900

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A sort of Herculean job we might be found in, with jerks and twists. (6)
4 and 32 Talking picture? (8, 8)
10 Method of thought falsely associated with Rangoon. (7)
11 and 24 down The faux pas of staring when angry? (7, 7)
13 and 16 How to attack the Song of the Open Road? (6)
14 One answer if they say it won't make woven cloth. (5)
15 Found in a banana salad? Mmmm!
17 and 28 down The written word of the Lower House in some states? Rows with the workers might be implied. (8, 5)
21 One has to have more than one tongue. (8)
23 The most used type. (5)
26 Heeds an address to the native rulers. (5)
28 Should be green, but the red following it would make it skinny! (3)
29 Female circle found out West? (5)
30 This composer suggests what he might be. (7)
31 What Pope said fair tresses to do man's imperial race. (7)
33 Cap set for the sake of appearance? (6)

DOWN:

1 Might be associated with a sliding scale. (8)
2 States as great ones move slowly, according to Bacon. (7)
5 and 12 across Proving a squealer can be temporarily safe. (5, 5)
6 Separate at about the average level. (5)
7 In case of cigarettes, your last one might be on it. (7)
8 What a silly crowd to think it's a joke to have a broken leg! (6)
9 Grow fast, as viburnum opulus. (8)
18 Would you like to get completely satisfied? It's a date! (8)
19 and 3 Scars to spoil the beauty of even royal personages. (8)
20 Certainly not lined from work—or could it be not lined? (8)
22 The mark of the dagger. (7)
25 Stone bracket of the Germanic or Belgic period. (6)
27 The chair might have been smooth and glossy. (5)
29 Rolls and tilts. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 899

ACROSS: 1 Gobbled; 5 Prepaid; 9 Imposts; 10 Earshot; 11 and 13 Loan sharks; 12 and 17 Rescue; 14 Dietary; 16 Dockers; 18 Suspend; 21, 24 and 6 The salt of the earth; 26 Sir; 27 Arena; 29 Uranium; 30 Dudgeon; 31 Humoral. DOWN: 1 Grilled; 2 Biplane; 3 Lasts; 4 Destroy; 5 and 28 Pressed for time; 7 Ash tree; 8 Detests; 15 Aye; 18 Scoffed; 19 Sutured; 20 Discern; 21 Through; 22 Atelier; 23 Trammel; 25 Exile; 27 Alarm.

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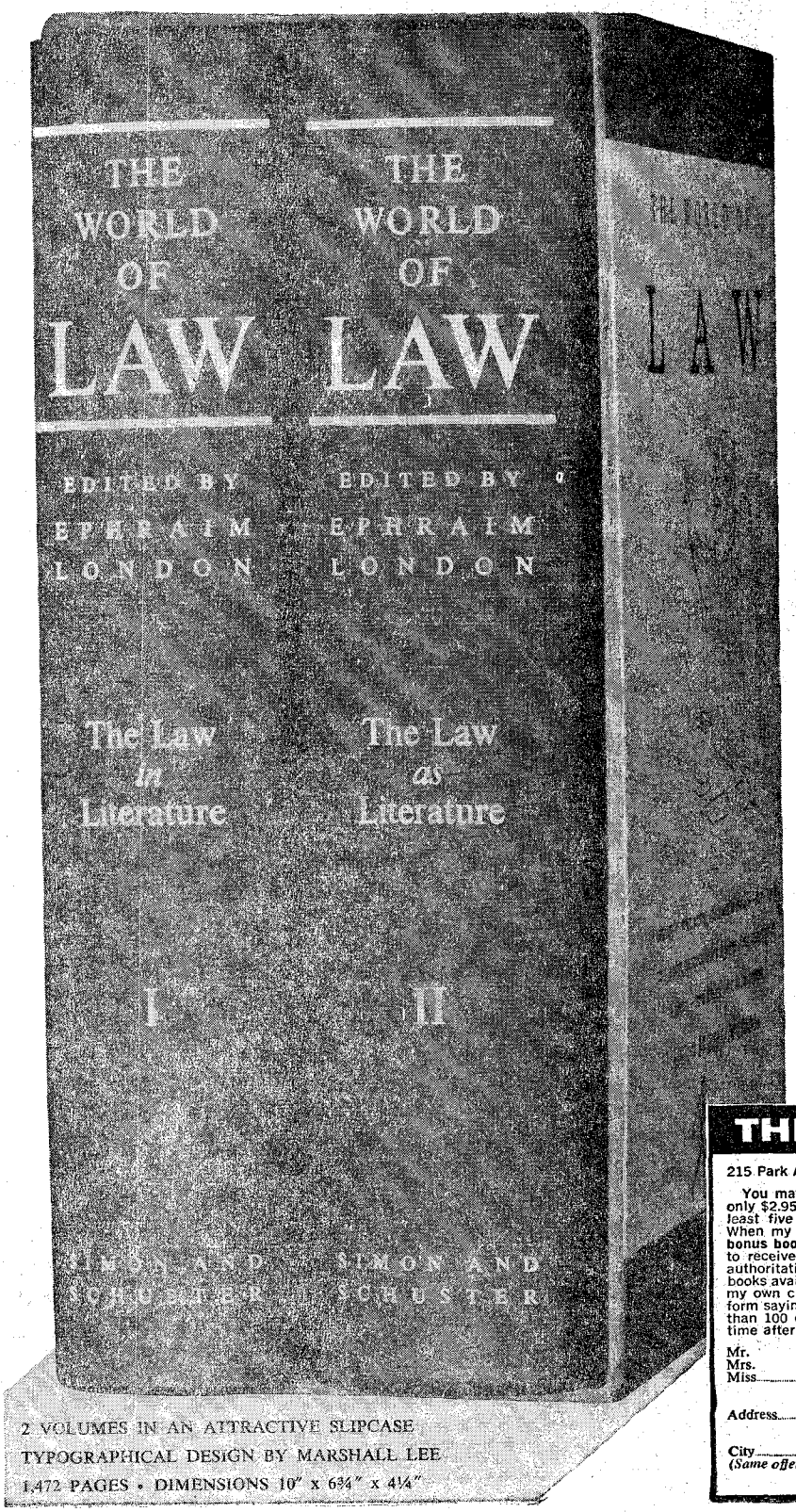

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